

# The NEW SETTE . Echoes from Bryan Hill

Vol. IV

JUNE, 1939

Number 8

## Quartet Sings at Atlanta Tabernacle

At the request of Rev. P. C. James, pastor of the Atlanta Bible Tabernacle, the male quartet was present at a memorial service to Dr. Currens on Sunday, May 14, along with President and Mrs. Rudd, Dean Ryther, Miss Yancey, and Mrs. Fish.

Besides the testimony in word and song at this service, opportunity was also given for testifying at the Atlanta jail. This service was a witness to the saving power of the Lord Jesus Christ, twenty young negroes—one of whom must soon pay for his crime in the electric chair—accepting Him as their personal Saviour. God is no respecter of persons, for He accepts all who trust in Him.—D. G.

## Seniors Feted

Come to the Fair, a choral number by an octet of the Juniors, introduced the theme of the Junior-Senior banquet held in the Patten Hotel in Chattanooga early in May. With a miniature trylon and perisphere as a centerpiece, the programs, favors, and napkins also suggested a visit to the New York World's Fair.

Interspersed with the four-course dinner were the speech of welcome by the toastmistress, Ruth Toliver, and the responses by James Darrell, president of the Senior class, and Mr. Rudd, representing the faculty. Accepting the invitation to come to the fair, the group joined in an imaginary tour to visit the exhibits of the various countries represented at the fair.

Singing a solo, *The Minstrel Boy*, Ty Pray represented Ireland. Since Scotland has no exhibit at the fair,

*Continued on Page 2*

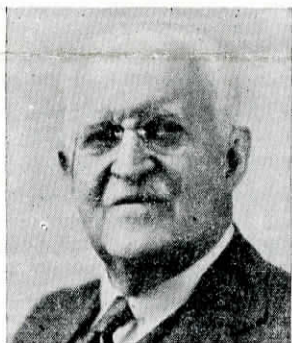
## Art Class Sketches from Nature

Seeking to gain a little diversion with a new subject for reproduction in art, Miss Yancey directed her art classes to a scenic spot in the Richland Gulch. With easels, drawing pads, pencils, chalks, and oils in arms, seven art students hiked to a suitable position from which they might view part of the natural beauty provided by the trees, rocks, cliffs, and waterfalls.

After two hours of sketching, a less serious attitude was necessary to enjoy the hamburgers and fried potatoes prepared over an open fire on the rocks of the creek bed. The afternoon's pleasure was concluded by a visit to the ice cream factory, where an order for "brown cows" was filled.

—R. P.

## DR. CURRENS GOES HOME



Charles H. Currens  
Professor of Bible

As simply, as sweetly, and as unpretentiously as he has for the past seven years taught God's Word in the University, Dr. Charles H. Currens, former Professor of Bible, was laid to rest in the West View Cemetery of Atlanta, Georgia.)

Born seventy years ago in Plymouth, Ill., he began at an early age to serve the Lord, ministering in the Presbyterian Church until the Lord directed that he devote his efforts to evangelistic service and later to Bible teaching.

Characteristic of Dr. Currens were the sweetness and freshness of the many lovely floral offerings. Characteristic of his testimony were the songs rendered by the University Male Quartet: "Grace Greater Than

Our Sins" and "Grace Enough for Me."

As Dr. Currens would have had it to be, Dr. Harris H. Gregg's message, based on many of Dr. Currens' favorite verses of scripture, and Brother P. C. James's prayer were simple, direct Gospel appeals—explanations of God's unquestionable, all-sufficient Grace, and of salvation through our Lord and Saviour.

The hour in the white purity of the chapel, the few moments on the green hillside—times of peaceful blessing and communion with God. One felt not the sorrow but the restful assurance that God was there and that Dr. Currens had but gone home—that, for him, to die had indeed been gain.



## THE NEWSETTE

Rebecca Peck.....Editor  
Mabel Arnold.....Circulation Manager  
Ruth Toliver.....Reporter  
Charles Shirley.....Reporter  
Dean Geary.....Reporter  
D. W. Ryther.....Adviser

Published monthly by  
William Jennings Bryan University  
Dayton, Tennessee

Entered as second-class matter, March 13, 1937, at the post office at Dayton, Tennessee, under the Act of August 24, 1912.

JUNE, 1939

— God Above All —

### DR. CURRENS

How we shall miss him! How we shall miss his cheery words of greeting and his consoling words of comfort. How we shall miss his friendly arm across our shoulders, the warm, assuring pressure of his hand on ours! How we shall miss his forceful, kindly exposition of God's Word, his frequent definition of Grace, his black-board dispensational circles, and his pure and simple delivery of the Gospel! How we shall miss his powerful denunciations of the Scribes and Pharisees, or, rather, of their testimonies against the living Christ, for he would have them, themselves, come unto his Saviour and know Him. How we shall miss the spiritual feasts which he has for seven years spread before us, inviting us to help ourselves generously. And how we shall miss the sweetness of his prayers, his intercession for his children and brothers in Christ, his pleading with the Father that this need or that need might be met and Himself glorified therein. Yes, we shall miss him.

Yet shall we not mourn for him, for has he not again and again yearned for the return of his Lord that he might be with Him? Has he not each day, yea, almost each minute, cast his eyes upward in prayerful expectancy of the shout from the clouds, implanting in all of us a part of that same love for His coming? No, we shall not mourn for him. We shall rejoice with him and praise the Father that our Dr. Currens has gone home—home for eternity, where we shall again see him and be with him.

Can we not hear him say: "Paul, oh Paul, thank you for those letters on Grace. Isn't it great, Paul . . . 'the unconquerable propensity of God

## Levengood in Ohio

Rev. A. J. Levengood, instructor in Greek at the University and founder of the Tennessee Mountain Mission, spent the week of April 23 ministering to several Ohio churches in Xenia, Mansfield, Cleveland, Akron, Dover, Berlin, and other cities.

In addition to preaching the Word, Mr. Levengood told of the work of the mission and of the souls that have been won to the Lord through the efforts of those who are connected with it.

## Kitchen Praise

(Composed by a 19-year-old servant girl)

"Lord of all pots and pans and things,  
Since I've no time to be  
A saint by doing lovely things,  
Or watching late with Thee,  
Or dreaming in the dawnlight,  
Or storming heaven's gates,  
Make me a saint by getting meals  
And washing up the plates.

"Although I must have Martha's hands,

I have a Mary mind;  
And when I black the boots and shoes,

Thy sandals, Lord, I find.  
I think of how they trod the earth,  
What time I scrub the floor—  
Accept this meditation, Lord,  
I haven't time for more.

"Warm all the kitchen with Thy love,

And light it with Thy peace;  
Forgive me all my worrying  
And make all grumbling cease.

Thou Who didst love to give men food

In room or by the sea,  
Accept this service that I do—  
I do it unto Thee."

to bestow benefits on the undeserving." But my children and I like to say ill-deserving, Paul."

"Yes, dear Doctor. It is great, and you've been mighty faithful down there giving out the truth to those folks. They'll be along up one of these days, and then won't we have a glorious time together?"

We shall miss him, indeed. But we would not, though it were possible, call him back.

## SENIORS FETED

Continued from Page 1

a tribute was made by the group-singing of *Auld Lang Syne*. In a three-minute impromptu speech, Mrs. Coutts described some of England's beautiful flower gardens. After an accordion solo, entitled *Santa Lucia*, an Italian song played by Rebecca Peck, Mademoiselle Constance Penick sang in French, *Florian's Song*. Strains such as might be heard at one of Hungary's fine restaurants were included in *Hungarian Dance*, a piano solo played by Mrs. Lynip.

An amusing sketch with a modern subject and a background of Greek mythology was played by four Juniors, Mr. Lynip introducing the number. Edward Paul sang *The Erl-King* as a vocal solo. After Ben White's impromptu on Alaska, the octet sang *Finlandia*.

Read by Dorothy White, the time capsule was an entertaining prophecy for the members of the Senior class, revealing some probable and some unexpected futures. After unison singing of the national anthem, Brother Levengood pronounced the benediction.—R. P.

## Eight to Graduate

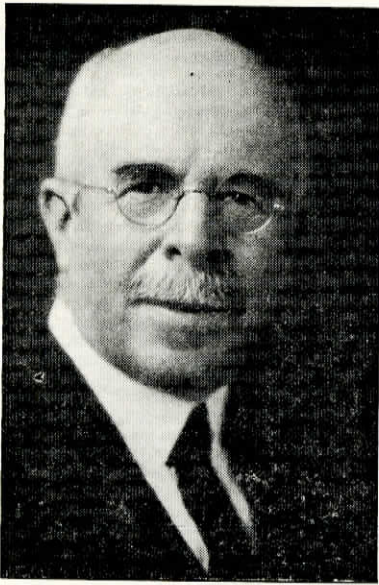
Honoring the completion of four years of study on the part of eight young men and women, the Sixth Annual Commencement Exercises will begin with the Baccalaureate Services on June fourth and conclude with the Commencement Exercises at ten-thirty on the morning of the seventh. Speakers for these two important services will be, respectively, Dr. Harris H. Gregg and Mr. L. E. Maxwell.)

Candidates for degrees represent six states. Forrest S. Ford, Warfield, Ky.; William F. Kerr, Atlantic City, N. J.; Sara Idleman Llewellyn, Dayton, Tenn.; Ty Owen Pray, Traverse City, Mich.; Anne Graves Walton, Clinton, Miss.; and Janet Audrey Webb, Oliverea, N. Y., will receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts. James H. Darrell, Riverside, N. J.; and Edward M. de Rosset, Dunellen, N. J., will receive the degree of Bachelor of Science.

NEWSETTE takes this opportunity of wishing God-speed and God's blessing for these companions in Christ.



## COMMENCEMENT AND BACCALAUREATE SPEAKERS



*Harris H. Gregg, D. D.*

### STAND FAST

When the University first was suggested in 1925 enthusiasm ran high, and hopes were bright. Then—the depression. Momentarily disregarding the “hard times,” enthusiasm was again on the up and up when the doors were first opened in the old high school building in 1930. As the years moved slowly on came rumors upon rumors: Was it true? Would the University close after this year? Was it not a certainty that it could not exist another year? So they came and went. Faith was on the ebb, hearts were discouraged, and efforts were gradually diminishing, as one enthusiast after another pulled down his colors. Yet, there were those who refused to give up, who clung to one thing only—their unshakable trust in a living God. And God is faithful.

Throughout the history of the University there has been a slow growth in the work, a growth far from spectacular, to some even unnoticeable—yet a growth that has been healthy and sound. Faculty, staff, and students have felt the undeniable presence of the Lord in the work, and it has given to them a courage and determination that has kept them actively contending in the face of apparently unconquerable opposition.

That God has maintained His testimony in this small work, that He has continued to bless it, that He

Speaking from the subject, “The Weakness of God,” Mr. L. E. Maxwell, Principal of the Prairie Bible Institute, Alberta, Canada, will address the sixth annual graduating class of the University on June 7.

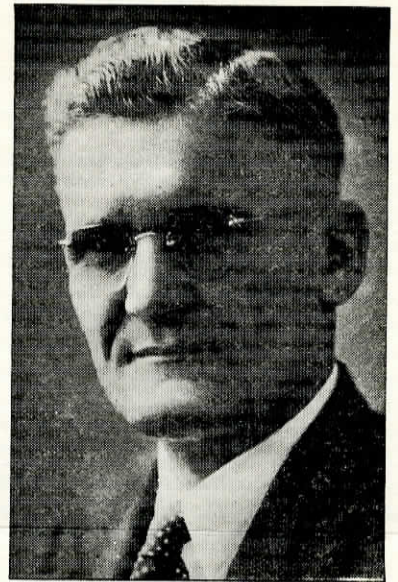
Although Mr. Maxwell is a stranger to many of us, he has had a wide ministry among young people in the West and in Canada. His testimony is that God saved him from a loose, pleasure-loving, ball-playing, pool hall life and transformed his outlook and ambitions. After serving among a group of farmers in Canada for a period of time, he started a Bible School in an abandoned farm house. Since 1922 God has so blessed the institution that at present there are over 300 students in attendance and many graduates serving the Lord among the unevangelized people in foreign fields, as well as on this continent.

On Tuesday evening prior to commencement, Mr. Maxwell will conduct a vesper service. During this message he is to tell how God is able to bless and prosper in spite of human weaknesses. Because of the rapid development in his work among young people, Mr. Maxwell is expected to stir Christians to new zeal.

The Baccalaureate sermon will be delivered on Sunday, June 4, by Dr. Harris H. Gregg of Chattanooga. Dr. Gregg needs no introduction to the friends of the University, because of the scope of his ministry. Several times in the past he has spoken to the students, forcefully and clearly expounding the Word. His friends look forward to his return and to the message that God will give through him.

—D. G.

has granted to workers and friends throughout the country that unquenchable faith—this, in itself, is a testimony to the world that our God is faithful and that His Grace is sufficient. God grant that in this, another time of testing and trial, His people will not lose courage but will find inspiration in His Word and will, all things else disregarded, be set for the defense of the Gospel. “Watch ye,” comes the ringing challenge, “stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.” I Cor. 16:13.



*L. E. Maxwell*

### Class Programs Are Enjoyed

An interesting program given during the past month was “The Bryan Revue.” The Freshman Orchestra played *Sail, Baby, Sail*. With his feet Clarence Blackburn played a trombone solo, after which he and Charles Shirley rendered a trombone and saxophone duet, *Make Me a Blessing*. A much-practiced, tinkly piano duet was next played by the “Ivory Twins,” Grace Levengood and Leona Wilson. Concluding the program, the “Faculettes” (Pres. Rudd, Mrs. Fish, Miss Yancey, and Mr. Llewellyn) sang *Marvelous Grace*.

Representing the Sophomore class, Wayne Smith brought four little born-again negro boys to chapel early in May. Led by their tenor, this quartet gave us four lively numbers. Mr. Smith said they had never had books to sing from, but had heard other people sing, and had picked it up for themselves. Their contribution indicated an unusual ability along this line.

The theme for the Senior program was “The City of Tomorrow,” based on Rev. 21. Two readings were given, *The City God Hath Made* by Sara Llewellyn, and *Jerusalem, the Golden* by Janet Webb. The student body joined in singing hymns about that city, *On Jordan's Stormy Banks* and *Saved by Grace*.—R. T.



## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FOOL

*John Raymond Hand*

— *Continued from the last issue* —

Shortly after I began teaching I married a Christian girl who knew nothing of my past. This was my first real contact with the church, and I hated it for its bigotry and intolerance. To add to my hatred my wife soon discovered my duplicity and began very definitely praying for me. Despite this hatred I recognized the value of a "religious cloak," joined the church, and became active in its affairs. Only the grace of God could have carried my wife through those years of my pharisaical duplicity, for I added physical abuse to mental torture; yet, she remained true.

Then, after nearly twenty years, the reckoning came. Like a bolt from a clear sky I was arrested and sent to Leavenworth Federal prison. My house of cards had tumbled about my ears. Yet I went to prison still unrepentant, still boastful, egotistical, arrogant—my head full of plans for the future where there would be no past to think of.

In prison I met a remarkable man. He was a negro, illiterate and uncouth, but with a face that beamed an unexplainable happiness. He had asked me to read from his Bible aloud, and I had consented, largely because he had placed his bench in one of the very few shady spots on the prison yard. I became interested in the man as I read to him day after day and questioned him. He was eager to talk. He had been saved, he declared, in a Salvation Army meeting while awaiting trial. He quoted scripture after scripture to me to establish his position.

These scriptures meant nothing to me, but I was intensely interested in the man. I could toss his Bible aside as a collection of Jewish myths, but I could not toss him aside. He was flesh and blood and he *had something*. One day as we talked on the prison yard I said to him:

"George, if I thought this Lord of yours could make me laugh off a stretch like this, I'd take a chance on it."

I shall never forget his answer.

"Brother," he replied with that contagious smile of his, "when you deal with the Lord you don't have

to take any chances; all you have to do is to give Him a chance."

That night I could not sleep. My whole life seemed to flash before me like a panorama of evil. I had been an abject failure and for the first time in my life was willing to admit it. I saw my wife back home working to support our two girls. I saw old father and mother going down toward the grave heartbroken because of my sins. I saw the friends whom I had deceived horrified at the revelation of my life. It was not a pleasant picture, I assure you.

I could not pray. I did not know how. But I was facing a cold, black reality. I had to have help from some source and my extremity was God's opportunity. There in the darkness I remembered George's words, and I opened my heart to say, "All right, Lord, I'm giving you the chance."

And then I went to sleep and slept like a baby until morning. I awakened in a new world. The sun shone brighter, the birds sang sweeter, and the sky was bluer than it had ever been before. And I was different, too. Somehow that night the old desire to steal—the lust for gain—was taken from me. Old things had passed away; everything was becoming new. And although all this happened a number of years ago the old desires have never returned.

Still I am a fool. But today I give myself to the foolishness of preaching that others may hear the Word, even as I heard it from one of His humble servants. If you are outside His fold today I urge you to consider Him who gave His all that you might have life and that you might have it more abundantly.

### PUBLIC SPEAKING PROGRAMS

Talks in chapel from the Public Speaking Class have taken a practical turn of late. Anne Walton told us how to get rid of insects as she spoke on "Public Enemy No. 1—Insects." Having come from a ranch in the West himself and knowing about it first-hand, Ben White told us about the character of cows, stressing the fact that it takes tact and psychology to deal with them as well as with people. From Daniel Hirschy we learned some interesting facts about "Arson Squads," whose work of detecting fire-bugs is highly efficient.

### A STUDENT TRIBUTE

"Grace is the unconquerable propensity of God to bestow benefits upon the undeserving." How many times in the seven years of Dr. Currens' service here at Bryan, have the students heard this definition of grace ring through the chapel during the hours of the Bible class. How many times have we felt the warmth of his arm about our shoulders as he walked from place to place, or the tender sweet tones as he called us "Little Kitten" or "Laddy." Can we ever forget how he found grace on every page, in every verse and chapter of the Bible, or his ardent, eager way of looking for the return of the Lord every day? No, we can never forget, and although he is gone from us to be with the Lord, he will never die, for he has given to us a grasp of scripture that will live on in us, and through us as long as the Lord tarries.

We cannot mourn because the Lord has taken him home, for it is rest to him. His life was full, and the Lord very graciously gave him strength to minister to the very end, preaching one of his best messages the last Lord's day he was here. Nor was his funeral sad. There was sorrow of parting, but joy because he was with his Lord.

We loved him because we could see Christ living in him. We miss him, but we rejoice in the truth made so real to us by him, the imminent return of our Lord, Jesus Christ. Though words fail adequately to express our appreciation of his ministry among us, we can say that he, like Enoch, walked with God.—T. P.

### STRAWBERRIES

Strawberries! Imagine yourself seated plumb in the center of three acres of strawberries! Or, since it costs nothing, imagine yourself right smack dab in the middle of a ten-acre patch of berries—big, luscious, red berries, speckled with small golden seeds. Yes, imagine yourself—but, for your own sake, don't get caught out there, for Bryan berries are not for the poachers but for the truckers. To date approximately 500 crates of the berries have been picked and marketed at one of the local platforms. The poor students and teachers sit by and gather the crumbs from the salesmen's tables, for the pick of the crop—as should be the case—goes to the market. Nevertheless, we do have good strawberry shortcake and ice cream.